

Yorke Sirra, go will the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke,
to sup with me to night. *exit Yorke.*
One I will my lord.

*Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and
Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
as if they came from hawking.*

Queene My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.

King How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these seely creatures of his hands!
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your hawke did soare,
And on a sodain sowst the partridge downe.

Suff No maruel, if it please your maiestie,
My lord Protector's hawke doe towre so well,
He knowes his master loues to be aloft.

Hum. Faith my Lord it is but a base mind,
That can soare no higher then a Faulcons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the clowdes.

Hum. Yea my lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth thy words and thoughts beat
on a crowne, prowde Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it
thus with King and common-wealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more then needes,
church-men so hote! good vnckle can you dote?

Suff. Why not: hauing so good a quarrel, and so bad a cause.

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suff. As you, my lord, and it like your Lordly
lords Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queen And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on
earth.

Card.

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this prowde Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou darest.

Hum. Dare! I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could
brooke the dare.

Card. I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and son to I
Gaunt.

Hum. In Bastardie.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thing
person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith cosin Gloster, had not your man cast
soon, we had had more sport to day, come with thy sword
buckler.

Hum. Faith priest ile shaue your crowne.

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King The wind growes high, so doth your color, lor

Enter one crying, a miracle.

How now! now sirra, what miracle is it?

One And it please your grace, there is a man that came
to saint Albons, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King Go fetch him hither, that we may glorifie the
with him.

*Enter the Mayor of saint Albons, and his brethren with my
bearing the man that had bene blind, betwene
two in a chaire.*

King Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey Where wast thou borne?

poore man At Barwicke sir, in the North.

Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus far for help?

poore. Yea sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albons, should giue me my sight again.

Hum. What art thou lame too?

C 2